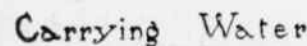
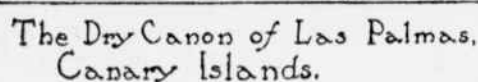
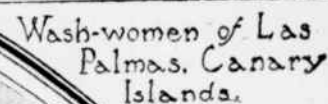


**Picturesque Las Palmas Offers
to Its Guests Much That Is
Quaint and Interesting.**

While the captain went ashore with his



Hardly had we made fast than the Mabel Jordan was overrun by dark skinned, smiling men with fruit, vegetables and fish for sale, and harassed looking women peddling native worked embroideries and beautiful silk mantillas woven by peasant women of the Pyrenees. However much of color the Spanish woman may wear about her person—and she manages to crowd on considerable—her head covering is either black or white. I noticed that the white mantillas were of coarser thread and not so intricately woven as the black, and wondered if there was a reason for the difference. Not for a long time did I

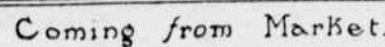
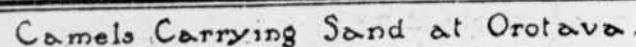


More interesting, however, than Atalaya is the Gran Caldera—a great cauldron—the crater of an extinct volcano near the town of Monte. The one good road of the island lies between Las Palmas and Monte, and as the Englishman at whose invitation I made the trip, having lived in Las Palmas for several years, had been able to procure real horses, we made the journey with some degree of dispatch. A narrow trail, however, the distance was not great, but it was all uphill. The road was bordered on either side by eucalyptus trees, set close together, and their thick leaves were a benign interposition between us and the sun. We stayed over night at an inn, built, like most of the houses, Moorish fashion—four square and but a courtyard, with a balcony and a garden, and so far into the night, I should have liked to sleep on the roof, but such an arrangement was not practicable.

Early the next morning, so as to make the journey before the heat of the day, we started out astride of two diminutive donkeys. The bareheaded boy who had brought the beasts handed us each a stick. "What is the use," said my companion, "of beating the animals? It will only tire us, while they will not mind it at all." So we threw away the sticks. The boy promptly picked them up, and for the first part of the way, where it was wide enough to ride abreast, he trudged between us, beating a donkey with each stick. My companion's prediction as to the effect was correct, but it amused the boy.

At length we came to the end of the road. We then struck off into a lava trail, where we were obliged to travel single file. On

Continued on fourth page.



I had not adopted the sailor's way of washing—let my clothes trail overboard at the end of a rope. If that method is somewhat destructive of fine linen I should have had cleaner garments, and the ocean, if somewhat salty, would at least have pro-

papers the mate ordered decks cleared, hatches removed and tackle rove, so as to be ready to begin unloading as soon as the necessary formalities had been complied with. Craft of many nations lay beside the quay, and at anchor in the harbor were several steamers, taking on coal. But there was no other American vessel. We were told that a Yankee barkentine had been in port a few weeks earlier, but the dockmen who had given us the information had forgotten her name. The steamers were all from Northern or Southern European ports. In trade with South America or Africa, the Cannaries are off the routes of steamships in trade with North America, which accounts for the islands being so little known to dwellers in what they call there "the States." During the time we lay there great cattle boats from Argentina for Eng-

learn that only the woman of some social standing was allowed the black; the peasant woman and the woman of the lower classes had to restrict themselves to white. I do not know whether etiquette is so rigid on that point in Spain itself, but in the Spanish provinces of Canary it is strictly held to. Widows, however, of whatever station, wear black. In this temporary elevation into a higher social sphere, perhaps, the bereaved peasant woman finds some compensation for her loss. It seems, however, somewhat of a reflection on the late husband. As a matter of fact, however, for the hard worked women of the lower strata of Canary society the usual headgear is a basket of fruit or merchandise, or a jar of water. The Canary water system is fairly primitive. The water flows in open conduits from the hills, where

great reservoirs have been built to collect the rainfall, and is brought into the house in pail, jug or picher; to the outlying parts of town it is conveyed in casks strapped to donkeys. This water is, of course unfit for drinking, but there are good springs here and there on the islands, and the Canary "Rebecca at the Well" is a familiar and picturesque sight. All the washing of Las Palmas is done at one of these conduits and in the single brook which is able to maintain itself in dry weather. It is one of the sights of the town to see the washerwomen in their gaudy dresses kneeling over the flowing water, rubbing vigorously. As a laundry method, however, it is open to much the same objection as was raised by the lamb which was obliged by the wolf to drink below him at the stream. I regretted that